Halo: Survivor's Story

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Summary: Brandon and his fellow marines traverse the wreckage of a not-so-famous UNSC ship. The Spartans that were supposed to help are dead. They are scattered around a small island, trying to survive.

Will they?

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Brandon walked over to his terminal. He had a program that he could use to chat with the other marines, as well as the crew members. He logged on. 5 friends online, Nathan, Travis, Quinton, Jacob, and Tommy. Jacob and Tommy were crew members, and never really used the chat. Nathan, Travis, and Quinton were Brandon's squad members, and best friends. He decided to open up a chat with Nathan, since he was first on the list. It seemed like he beat him to it.

CHAT LOG

NH: Hey

BL: Oh, you scared me. I was about to message you.

NH: Ha, that's funny. Same thing, except for the scaring part.

BL: So, what's going on down in the cargo bay?

NH: Nothing much but workers loading cargo and junk. I have Quinton down here with me.

BL: Isn't Travis down there, too?

NH: I don't know.

BL: Something just shook me in here. I think I had better go check it.

NH: Oh crap! We have the invading ship coming over here. You need to

get down here now…

CHAT CLOSED

"Gah," Brandon sighed. He grabbed his weapons and helmet, with goggles that let him chat on the go. He would need this for long range conversations. He also turned on the mic, looking for any voice channels that were open with one of the other marines on it. He opened the door in his cabin.

He sprinted to the elevator and pressed one of the buttons. The elevator door opened, revealing the small, metal room inside. He quickly walked in, pressed a button, and waited.

End file.